

ADELAIDE INSTITUTE

PO Box 3300
Adelaide 5067

Australia

Mob: 61+401692057

Email: info@adelaideinstitute.org

Web: <http://www.adelaideinstitute.org>

Online
ISSN 1440-9828



March 2014 No 742

.....Think on these things.....
FROM THE 2000 ADELAIDE INSTITUTE ARCHIVES and

ROBERT FAURISSON

Le Blog Inofficiel / The Unofficial Blog

Tuesday, August 22, 2000

The "Töben Case" as seen by Voltaire

For the historian, the sociologist, or the jurist, the case of Australian revisionist Fredrick Töben is one of the simplest and most instructive. It is also both appalling and amusing.

One day, moved by curiosity, this German-born Australian left the antipodes on a journey to Europe in order to confer with an individual who had coined the phrase « No holes, no "Holocaust" ». From there he went on to Poland, to Auschwitz, where with his own eyes he observed that, in the effective absence of any "holes" in the collapsed roof of an alleged homicidal gas chamber, there was cause to doubt whether such chemical slaughterhouses had ever existed at that spot, the veritable centre of the "Holocaust". Finally, on a pilgrimage to the Germanic lands, he shared his doubts and asked for explanations, an act which earned him forthwith a stay in prison.

Voltaire would have liked this "affaire Calas" (of a less tragic sort). From it he could have drawn inspiration for a tale entitled: *The Emperor's New Clothes* or *The Imposture*. It seems right to imagine that, as in a classical French play, the story should evolve in five stages.

In the first of these stages, our hero from the other hemisphere hears tell that a certain European emperor, dear to the Jews and thus also to today's Germans, is, in the eyes of his court, bedecked in the most extraordinary attire, whilst in reality he is quite simply naked. It is said that some ingenious rascals had pretended to create for the emperor garments of an exceedingly rare cloth, costing a fortune. In the next stage, our Australian, modern-day Huron of the Voltaire tale *Le Huron ou l'Ingénu*, armed with some advice on how to carry out his inquiry arrives in Europe and prepares to see for himself. Once on location, he gets the impression that this emperor could well be naked. In a third stage, he proceeds to inquire of those around him, going so far as to whisper to the courtiers: "Is

your emperor perhaps naked?" For want of a fitting reply, he resolves to go to the Germanic lands and consult a man of the craft. This latter person, most certainly a German and perhaps a Jew as well, has a reputation, the world over, for such good knowledge of the solution to the riddle that he will not abide any answer other than his own. This individual, prosecutor of woeful mien, invites the sceptic to come back to see him the next day in order to get his answer. This our Australian does not fail to do. There, in the prosecutor's study, with a stranger present, he is asked to repeat his question. Which he does. And so it is that, in a fifth and final stage, the question-man finds himself behind the bars of a German jail.

In the reality of the Töben case, the prosecutor was a man called Heiko Klein, the stranger was a police informer and the jail was, for seven months, that of Mannheim.

What followed would equally have inspired Voltaire. It throws a stark light on the way in which the German justice system works at present and on the mode of conduct adopted by a large number of Western democracies as soon as the most hallowed of their taboos, that of the "Holocaust", appears to be in peril.

Removed from his jail cell, F. Töben, in handcuffs and duly escorted, was led into a courtroom. But, given the gravity of his case, he had the right only to a mock trial. He was, of course, provided with counsel, but the latter was made to understand that he would do well to keep quiet if he did not want to join his client in prison. The lawyer kept quiet and F. Töben was found guilty, sentenced to time served and a heavy fine, and then released on bail the next day.

In Australia, the authorities were careful not to intervene in favour of the victim. Indeed they fell little short of applauding the German judges' decision, most likely envying the German magistrates freedom of action.

In the rest of the Western world, everyone, by and large, fell into tune with Germany and Australia. The "élites" in place kept silent or approved. None of them got the idea of decrying an outrage. No petitions in support of the heretic, no demonstrations. "Amnesty International" considered it natural and normal that an intellectual, an academic should be so treated. In effect, precisely because he is a professor, many must be of the opinion that F. Töben surely ought to know that some questions simply offend decency.

Twenty years earlier

Twenty years previously, I myself had lived through an experience comparable to that of my Australian colleague. In the columns of *Le Monde* (Feb. 21, 1979), thirty-four French historians — among whom some, like Fernand Braudel, enjoyed international renown — had issued a joint declaration rebuking me for having put a question that propriety should have forbidden me to conceive.

I had discovered that the existence and operation of the alleged Nazi gas chambers were, for physical and chemical reasons understandable to a child of eight, fundamentally impossible. In the late seventies I had therefore asked Germany's accusers how, for them, such mass murder by gassing had been technically possible. The answer took some time in coming, then gushed forth:

It must not be asked how, technically, such mass murder was possible. It was technically possible, since it happened. That is the requisite point of departure of any historical inquiry on this subject. It is incumbent upon us to simply state this truth : there is not, there cannot be any debate on the existence of the gas chambers.

I had the awkwardness to think then that I had just brought off a decisive victory. My adversaries were taking flight. They showed themselves to be unable to reply to my arguments except by spin. For me, the myth of the alleged gas chambers had just breathed its last.

Pressac's surrender, Spielberg's triumph

Of course, from a scientific standpoint, those gas chambers had fallen back into nothingness. The following years were to confirm this. From 1979 to 1995, every attempt to demonstrate their existence would abort: the Rückerls and Langbeins, the Hilbergs and Brownings, the Klarfelds and Pressacs would all suffer the most humiliating failures. It is not I who say this but rather one of their keenest apostles, historian Jacques Baynac. In 1996, in two long and particularly well-informed articles, this fierce opponent of the revisionists drafted, with a heavy heart, an assessment of the vain tries to establish the existence of the Nazi gas chambers (*Le Nouveau Quotidien* [of Lausanne], Sept. 2 and 3, 1996). Baynac's conclusion: the historians had failed totally and, as a result, recourse

was had to the judiciary in order to silence the revisionists.

In March 2000, Jean-Claude Pressac was, in a way, to announce his own surrender. On this point one may read an interview with him published by the French academic historian (and staunch anti-revisionist) Valérie Igounet in her book *Histoire du négationnisme en France* (Paris, Éditions du Seuil, 2000, p. 613-652). The last two pages of the interview are staggering: J.-C. Pressac states that the "rubbish bins of history" await... the official story of the concentration camps! This text of a recorded talk, supposedly of June 15, 1995, must have been somewhat modified afterwards. But, as is well known, the sphere of science, on the one hand, and that of the mass media, on the other, are plainly different in nature. In the latter sphere, while the Nazi gas chambers have had a very rough time of it, the adjoining myths of the genocide and the six million have prospered thanks to a thunderous promotion. Hilberg and his like may have failed in their work as historians but Spielberg, the master of special effects cinema, triumphs with his holocaustic epics. Today, the kosher version of Second World War history has force of law and of custom to such a degree that the nasty "deniers" seem annihilated.

The particular case of F. Töben

Nevertheless, a number of these rebels called revisionists remain alive, and very much so, to the despair of the thought police and their lackeys in the prosecution service, the judiciary, and the media. Among these revisionists stands F. Töben, who, upon leaving prison, did not have the decency to show the least contrition or, as is said today, repentance. It may be feared that, for him, the emperor (of the Jews) will stay definitively naked, and that he will continue going about repeating "No holes, no 'Holocaust'", or, in allusion to the non-existent fabric, "No clothes, no 'Holocaust.'"

Beginning with the indomitable Paul Rassinier, a good many other revisionists besides our Australian have endured or still endure a thousand travails. A few months ago, one of them, in Germany, was driven to suicide. Werner Pfeifenberger, a professor in Münster, killed himself on May 13, 2000 after years of an exhausting struggle against his persecutors. On 25 April 1995, in a Munich square, Reinhold Elstner immolated himself by fire.

What distinguishes the revisionist Töben's case from that of others is its simple and swift unwinding, and therefore its illustrative value. One might call it a synopsis, an all-in-a-nutshell sketch. It is nothing but the story of a man who, for having made a prosaic remark on a material fact, finds himself in prison. To whoever cared to listen, he had, in fact, held forth thus: "At Auschwitz-Birkenau, day after day, a deadly substance was apparently poured through four openings, specially made in a reinforced concrete roof,

so as to kill, each time, the thousands of persons confined in the room below. How could such an operation be possible given that manifestly, as one may remark today, none of those four openings ever existed? Of course, the roof is now in ruins but, on the surface, no trace of those openings can be made out and, if one slides down beneath the ruin, one can see also that the ceiling has never had any openings in it. How do you explain that?" He received no answer. Then, he sought out a man who, by definition, must know the answer to his query (and the answer to several others of the same calibre, -- material and rudimentary). As his only reply, that individual deemed it necessary to throw the inquirer into jail. But, once out of jail, what did our impertinent friend do? He repeated his question, but this time *urbi et orbi*, and with renewed vigour.

A story edifying in its brevity, and not without spice.

Töben in an *Ingénue* Role from a Tale by Voltaire

I shall say it again: a Frenchman familiar with Voltaire is tempted to see in this antipodean a reincarnation, in his own mode, of *Candide* or the *Huron* (the original *Ingénu*). Under Voltaire's pen, the ingenuousness, real or feigned, of those two heroes, wholly of his imagining, ended up putting them through numerous ordeals -- but it also helped them overcome adversity, and not without providing some interesting perspectives for the reader on the beliefs and superstitions to be found at the foundations of our society and institutions. The story of Fredrick Töben (German as was, in fact, *Candide*) would probably have appealed to Voltaire on another score, that of the execrable intolerance of the Jews and their high priests (See: Henri Labroue, *Voltaire antijuif* [Paris, Les Documents contemporains, 1942].)

Today, in France, the re-editions of some of the works of the "patriarch of Ferney" are expurgated, for fear of

displeasing the Jews. No one can doubt that, if he came back to this world, Voltaire, following Töben's example, would be "put inside" for his disrespectful questions. Even Switzerland, where in his time Voltaire knew he could find refuge, would today not fail to lock him up.

A note to the reader: Voltaire, 1694-1778, was notably the author of *Candide ou l'Optimisme* - philosophical tale, 1759, *Le Huron ou l'Ingénu* - satirical tale, 1767, as well as the *Dictionnaire philosophique ou la Raison par alphabet*, 1764. He intervened in a series of court cases, such as that of the Calvinist Jean Calas, to speak out against what he called the crimes of intolerance or of superstition. He spent his last twenty years at Ferney, near the Swiss border.

Note on a false attribution to Voltaire: It is by mistake that the following remark is attributed to Voltaire: "I disapprove of what you say but I will defend to the death your right to say it", sometimes with the adjunct "Monsieur l'abbé...". In reality, a London author, in a book published in 1906, wrote the following, on the subject of the attitude taken by Voltaire in case of intense disagreement with an adversary: "I disapprove of what you say but I will defend to the death your right to say it was his attitude now." The author was called Stephen G. Tallentyre (real name: Evelyn B. Hall) and the book was entitled *The Friends of Voltaire*. Source : Paul F. Boller Jr and John George, *They Never Said It: A Book of Fake Quotes, Misquotes, and Misleading Attributions*, New York and Oxford, O.U.P., 1989, p. 124-126. Such, anyway, is the information that I have drawn from an article in *L'Intermédiaire des chercheurs et curieux* (Nov. 1993, p. 1157), kindly sent to me seven years ago by the Belgian revisionist Pierre Moreau, to whom I had confided my failure to find the remark in any of Voltaire's writings.

HORST MAHLER'S 78th BIRTHDAY



On January 23, 2014 the famous German revisionist lawyer Horst Mahler celebrated - if one may say so - in prison his 78th birthday. Mahler

has been in prison for three years now as part of an overall sentence of twelve years. He dared ask question about the German peoples' survival on account of Judaic-Talmudic attack on its culture, and used the Hegelian dialectic to find a solution to this ancient conflict of Hebrew colonisation of the Germanic mind.

You can write to him in English or German at the following address:

**Mr Horst Mahler
JVA Brandenburg/Havel
Anton Saefkow-Allee 22
D-14772 Brandenburg/Havel
Germany**

WHY THE BACKLASH ON JEWS IN FRANCE?

'Jew, France Is Not Yours' Chant Anti-Government Demonstrators in Paris

Chilling video captures rising anti-Semitism in France

By [Yair Rosenberg](#) | January 27, 2014 9:02 AM

A chilling new video clip recorded yesterday captures the reality of rising anti-Semitism in France. In it, a group of [anti-government demonstrators](#) march through Paris, singing the French national anthem and chanting "Juif, la France n'est pas a toi" ("Jew, France is not yours")—all on the eve of International Holocaust Remembrance Day:

Paris Demonstrators Chant: "Jew, France is Not Yours!"

"Jour de colère" - independenza webtv - Paris (France), 26 janvier 2014

Published on Jan 27, 2014

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XI-qVoEHCEs>

Perhaps the most disturbing quality of the video is its vantage point—peering out a window onto the streets of Paris. The implication of the image is as disturbing as it is mundane. Today, in the capital of a European Union member state, one can look out the window and see demonstrators march proudly down the street while shouting anti-Semitic slogans. (A minority of viewers, in an attempt to dispute the chant's prejudice, have claimed that the protesters are not denouncing "Juif," but rather "CRIF," which is the acronym for the [Representative Council of the French Jewish Institutions](#), as though this ameliorates the problem.) Sadly, such an event is far from an isolated incident. As we've reported previously, the European Union's own Agency for Fundamental Rights found that 40 percent of French Jews are [afraid](#) to publicly identify as Jewish, while 56 percent have [heard](#) someone say "the Jews have too much power" in the last 12 months. And of course, the country is the home of the increasingly prevalent reverse-Nazi salute, [the quenelle](#), which

was popularized by the anti-Semitic French comedian Dieudonné and [became](#) a global media sensation after it was performed by French soccer player Nicolas Anelka. (Yesterday's demonstrators were also [photographed](#) by the press making the gesture.)

Which is why it should come as no surprise that this past week, the *Washington Post* [reported](#) on the growing French expatriate population in Israel. "As immigration to Israel has dipped over the past 10 years, France is the only country seeing a growing number of its Jewish citizens move there," the *Post* notes, adding "there were 3,270 French arrivals last year, an increase of 63 percent from 2012." As anti-Jewish prejudice in France grows, its Jewish population continues to shrink.

Many French citizens and government officials, including President François Hollande, have spoken out forcefully against the rise of anti-Semitism in their country. The question remains, however: what can be done about it?

UPDATE: Another video just posted online offers a close-up look at the demonstrators, and captures them chanting "Jews, out of France," and "the story of the gas chambers is bullshit," while performing the reverse Nazi salute:

<http://www.tabletmag.com/scroll/160800/jew-france-is-not-yours-chant-anti-government-demonstrators-in-paris>

And the Simon Wiesenthal Centre in Europe comments: ["A Boil Bursts: Antisemitic Day of Rage in Paris"](#)

Did the French Become Holocaust Deniers by Talking Too Much?

A new book in France aims to set the record straight about national awareness of the horrors of the Shoah

By [Tadzio Koelb](#) | February 7, 2014 12:00 AM

On Oct. 11, 2013, Erich Priebke, an unrepentant Nazi and convicted war criminal, died comfortably in his house in Rome—the same city that, in 2008, elected Gianni Alemanno mayor. Alemanno had previously belonged to a neo-fascist party formed by surviving members of Mussolini's inner circle. Not far from the mayor's office, Il Duce's granddaughter Alessandra—who once resigned from a political party when a ranking member called fascism "evil" and apologized for his country's role in the Shoah—now serves as a senator. Italy, one can safely say, is not entirely ashamed of its fascist past.

None of this should be surprising. Following the war, the Togliatti amnesty pardoned Italian fascists en masse and allowed them to resume their places in ministries, town halls, schools, and businesses; fascists were and are to be found in important government posts, in classrooms, and in boardrooms up and down Italy.

Stories both similar and worse could be told about almost every country in Europe—and not just Europe. Given the unexamined and unpunished [involvement](#) of General Motors in the German war effort through subsidiary Opel, the warm welcome extended to

Reinhard Gehlen and Werner von Braun through [Operation Paperclip](#), and the election to the presidency of two men whose forebear [directed](#) a bank seized by Congress for “trading with the enemy,” there are stories to be told about the United States, as well. Yet somehow, despite all this, it is an unquestioned

Anglo-American truism that France—which was never part of the Axis, lost more lives to the war than either America or the United Kingdom, and had a Jewish prime minister at the outbreak of the war—is somehow the very heart and epitome of Holocaust amnesia.



Joseph Darnand, head of the pro-Nazi police and commander of the Vichy French Milice, is buried in the cemetery of Thiais.(AFP/Getty Images)

François Azouvi’s award-winning French study [Le Mythe du grand silence](#) is not specifically intended as a counterweight to the myth that the French were and are any better or worse than other Europeans at “forgetting” the Holocaust. The goal is simply to set a skewed record straight and demonstrate that, *pace* [Klarsfeld](#), the commonly accepted idea that there was no recognition or commemoration of the Holocaust in the first decades after the war is untrue; that both Jews and gentiles took part in bearing testimony; and that this quickly became an aspect of shared culture. Because Azouvi, a philosopher and public intellectual, focuses on France, the appearance of this well-researched and intensely argued work in French nevertheless gives us an excellent chance to revisit other, far more dubious, assumptions.

Unsurprisingly, Jews were the first actively to memorialize the Holocaust; Azouvi recognizes the importance of this, but by examining cultural and artistic products (and critical and popular responses) he is able to track the elusive movement of memory through French society at large. While the author never denies that awareness of the camps expanded with time, his research allows him to demonstrate that French awareness of the horrors of the Holocaust was

awakened far earlier than is generally admitted and spread further and faster than accepted wisdom allows.

One important aspect of Azouvi’s approach is to untangle the common conflation of “Vichy Syndrome” with Holocaust denial. “Vichy Syndrome” is the name that has been given to an unrealistically forgiving view of the German-backed and viciously anti-Semitic Vichy government. It took a series of high-profile trials that only really began in the 1980s—of Maurice Papon, René Bousquet, Paul Touvier, and others—to bring the falsity of this mass illusion to light. The ensuing debate was fierce, even violent: Bousquet was [assassinated](#) in his home while awaiting trial for crimes against humanity. The irony is that it was precisely the visibility and earnestness of the ensuing public conversation that apparently led to the French being labeled Holocaust deniers. Meanwhile, countries that have rarely examined evidence of their own collaboration are presumed by their very silence to be innocent. This is not limited to countries such as the Netherlands (thousands of Dutch died defending Berlin) and Denmark (essentially a Nazi satellite, which provided massive industrial support for the German war effort), which could trace the origins of their collaboration to

the confused and complex (im)morality of occupation. In the unoccupied United States, [the Bush family](#) and gentile-owned corporations such as Ford were allowed simply to forget their [collaborations](#) with Nazism as if they were a dream; meanwhile [Julius and Ethel Rosenberg](#) were put to death for collaborating with Stalin.

As *Le Mythe* points out, the subject of the Shoah quickly became one that was often depicted in French books and films; within 10 years or so of the war, three major French novels concerning the Shoah had won the Prix Goncourt, France's most important literary award. These books were widely read, discussed in newspapers and on television, and fuelled public discourse. They were followed by important documentary films such as *Night and Fog* and *The Sorrow and the Pity*, which were exported worldwide.

Azouvi locates an important catalyst for widespread awareness in the scandal such art often caused. One important source he finds, for example, is the international debate that surrounded a German play by Rolf Hochhuth. Called *The Deputy*, it was about the blind eye Pope Pius XII turned to reports of genocide (recently re-imagined as the film [Amen](#), by Costa-Gavras). In majority-Catholic France, the issue was explosive, because Catholics as abettors undermined the national identity as victims of occupation.

Taken as a whole, the body of art and criticism Azouvi examines suggests an interesting twist: that French culture has often represented the camps as the most extreme version of what the war was for everyone, Jewish or gentile, under occupation by a wantonly violent and seemingly unstoppable army. Some will view this as untrue to the horror of the experience, and their reaction is not unreasonable; but others will recognize and celebrate a vision of shared humanity in which all cruelty is unacceptable.

Azouvi doesn't encourage any international comparisons, but it's worth making at least one: South of the Alps, Primo Levi's *Se questo è un uomo* could find no home with mainstream publishers when he first submitted it. Even when it was finally released by Francesco De Silva (essentially a private hobby press run by left-wing politician Franco Antonicelli), it sold poorly. For a long time *Se questo è un uomo* remained Italy's only book about Auschwitz, and it languished

unread. When Levi later sought to explain this by writing, "The times were not yet right, the public was not yet ready to understand and measure the phenomenon of the concentration camp," we must assume he means the Italian public: In France such books were highly publicized events. If those events fuelled the debates that led some to speak on behalf of denialism, so much the better: It is surely preferable that denial be challenged in debate than accepted in silence.

Holocaust denial, unfortunately, is apparently a universal human trait: From David Irving in England to Fred A. Leuchter in the United States, there will always be individuals in every nation who wish, for whatever reason, to whitewash Hitler (in France they have [Robert Faurisson](#), famously defended by Noam Chomsky); to claim such blindness as the historical patrimony of any particular nation would, as Azouvi effectively demonstrates, badly mislead us about the roots of our troubling contemporary reality.

[Tadzio Koelb's](#) writing on art and literature has appeared in the New York Times, Times Literary Supplement, Art in America, the Guardian, the Jewish Quarterly, and the New Statesman.

RELATED CONTENT

[The Treblinka Gold Rush](#)

After World War II, Polish peasants hunted for jewels and gold amid the human remains at former Nazi death camps

By [Jan T. Gross](#)

[A Growing Fear in France](#)

As political and financial crises deepen in Western Europe, French Jewry is facing a familiar test

By [Clémence Boulouque](#)

[In the Polish Aftermath](#)

In a public debate over a controversial new Holocaust film, Poland faces up to a complicated past

By [Denise Grollmus](#)

<http://www.tabletmag.com/jewish-arts-and-culture/books/161458/azouvi-mythe-du-gran-silence>

Fredrick Töben comments:

Let's read this Treblinka nonsense story – Jews still had valuables on their person when they arrived at Treblinka then were allegedly gassed, buried, exhumed, and then burned? This is another example of the myth that Jews were rich – diamonds, gold, etc. and the natives were greedy and degenerate. Such stories confirm that –

THE HOLOCAUST HAS NO REALITY IN SPACE AND TIME, ONLY IN MEMORY!

The Treblinka Gold Rush

After World War II, Polish peasants hunted for jewels and gold amid the human remains at former Nazi death camps

By [Jan T. Gross](#) | May 21, 2012 7:00 AM



Muzeum Walki i Męczeństwa Treblinka copyright Agencja Gazeta

It is a familiar image, one people have seen in countless variations: a group of peasants at harvest time after work, resting contentedly with their tools behind a pile of crops. Some may have taken a snapshot of this kind on summer vacations, while visiting with distant relatives in the countryside; others might carry it as a souvenir of their days as a student volunteer, when they helped farmers in the back country in their work. It was the kind of image featured every summer on the front pages of newspapers in communist countries half the world over, and visitors could find more or less artistically refined renditions in art galleries and museums.

Yet despite the bucolic setting, this particular photograph is disquieting—and not just because it's out of focus. Something feels off-kilter about the landscape, which cannot be pegged easily to a geographical location. Were palm trees rather than conifers protruding from behind the group, one might place the setting of the photograph in a desert. And when one notes what is scattered in front of the group the mystery deepens.

Where are we? Who are the people in the photograph? We are in the middle of Europe right after World War II. The peasants in the photograph are standing atop the ashes of 800,000 Jews gassed and cremated in the Treblinka extermination camp between July 1942 and October 1943. The peasants have been digging through remains of Holocaust victims, hoping to find gold and precious stones that their Nazi executioners may have overlooked.

This innocent-looking image links two central events of the Holocaust—the mass murder of European Jews and the accompanying looting of their property. The writer Rachela Auerbach visited Treblinka on November 7, 1945, as part of an official delegation organized by the Main Commission for the Investigation of Hitlerite Crimes. She called one of the chapters of a small book she subsequently wrote about the Treblinka extermination camp *The Polish Colorado or About the Gold Rush in Treblinka*. She also described how plunderers with shovels were everywhere. “They dig, they search, pulling out bones and body parts. Maybe something could still be found,” she writes, “maybe a golden tooth?”

Dominik Kucharek, a gleaner from Treblinka who had been served with an indictment for violating foreign-exchange laws—he tried to sell in Warsaw a diamond he found at Treblinka and purchase gold coins on a black market—explained in his deposition that “everybody” from his village went to dig there. “I didn’t know that looking for gold and valuables at the site of the former camp at Treblinka was forbidden, because Soviet soldiers also went there with us to search. And they detonated explosives in places where they expected to find something.” There could be several hundred diggers working the camp at any one time. Given the size of the site, approximating that of a sports stadium, it must have looked like a busy anthill. And these digs went on for decades.

Testimonies from Bełżec tell a similar story. The main difference was that digging there had already begun

during the war. Like Treblinka, Bełżec was dismantled by the Germans, and the camp's terrain was plowed over, and trees and grass were planted to cover mass graves. Bełżec was the first death camp to close—in mid-1943. When the Germans got wind of what the Polish locals were doing, they chased them away and installed a permanent guard to make sure that no evidence of their own murderous activity would be unearthed. As soon as the guard fled before the approaching Red Army, the local people resumed their excavations.

"According to information provided by policemen stationed in Bełżec," states a report prepared by a commission visiting Bełżec on Oct. 10, 1945, "the area of the camp has been dug up by local people looking for gold and precious stones left by murdered Jews. All over the dug-up terrain one finds scattered human bones: skulls, vertebrae, ribs, femurs, jaws, women's hair, often in braids, also fragments of rotting human flesh, such as hands or lower limbs of small children." After the Germans fled from Bełżec the local police tried to inhibit digging in the camp area, "but it is difficult to do anything," explained the town's police precinct commander, Mieczysław Niedużak, "because as soon as one group of people is chased away, another group appears."

The commission worked conscientiously, and in addition to talking to scores of witnesses the authors of the report also surveyed the camp. Nine separate sites in the death camp were probed for depth, in one instance the bottom of the grave was over 20 feet down. "When digging the probes it was ascertained that camp graves have been previously dug up," and also "that at the present time the entire camp area is being dug up by the local population looking for valuables."

Death-camp harvesters usually worked alone, lest a lucky find provoke envy from a neighbor (in the vicinity of Treblinka, diggers were robbed and tortured one another). Both in Bełżec and in Treblinka it was common practice to take skulls home in order to check them out later, and "in peace."

There were also a few entrepreneurs who hired small crews to dig for them, such as a man known as the "banker of Bełżec," who owned a brick factory in town and staked a claim to an area where a latrine had been previously situated in the camp. It was the most fertile spot, presumably because desperate Jews who figured out at last what awaited them threw therein valuables instead of surrendering them to camp officials. After the Red Army liberated the area near Sobibór, Soviet soldiers scooped the former camp latrine by buckets hauling loads of wristwatches. The latrine area in Bełżec yielded also small skeletons—most likely of Jewish children who had been drowned there by camp guards.

The area surrounding the death camps was indeed, as Rachela Auerbach suggested, a Polish Colorado—not just on account of what happened there after the war,

but mainly during the war. Villages in the vicinities of camps prospered materially as a result of trade between camp guards and the local people, trade which according to one observer brought a "material and economic revolution" into this area. A landlord whose property was not far from Treblinka put it thus: "thatched roofs were gone, replaced by sheet metal, and the entire village seemed like a piece of Europe suddenly moved into the center of Podlasie."

What lay behind this perceptive observation? In addition to a small staff of SS men, Treblinka's personnel was made up of released Soviet POWs, mostly Ukrainians, trained by the SS to serve as guards. Those young men, about a hundred of them altogether, treated with contempt by their German superiors, were called **Wachman** or, alternatively, "Blacks," from the color of their uniforms. They easily communicated in pidgin Polish-Ukrainian with the local people and were welcome guests in their homes, as bearers of looted money and valuables. Treblinka guards traded with the locals, buying alcohol, tasty food, and sex, and the inflow of capital into the area was beyond anything that had happened there before or has happened since.

In Treblinka, Bełżec, and Sobibór over a million and a half Jews were murdered, including the Jewish population of several large cities [sic -]. And monies as well as valuables, which Jews took on their final journey, hoping against hope that they might survive, in some small part trickled into the hands of the locals. Warsaw native and engineer Jerzy Królikowski, who lived in the village of Treblinka while supervising construction of a railroad bridge nearby, recalled how "wrist watches were sold by the dozens, for pennies, and local peasants carried them in egg baskets offering them to whomever was interested."

Villages around extermination camps were swept up in a gold rush akin to that in the Wild West: "Prostitutes from a nearby town, or even from Warsaw, showed up, eager to get golden coins, while vodka and food could be purchased in numerous houses. In villages close to the camp, Ukrainians, during their spare time from 'work,' were heartily welcomed by some peasants. Daughters in such households, people were saying, provided company to these murderers and eagerly benefited from their largesse."

The local population was determined not to be outdone by outsiders in the provision of desired services. Camp guards paid for food and vodka "without counting the change," and only by the time Treblinka was about to close did they start "selling diamonds by carats and not by piece." A local informant whom we have already quoted (a well-educated prewar supporter of the National-Democratic Party and a landowner from Cerańów) described the circumstances in even more derisive terms: "The village Wólka Okrąglik is situated near Treblinka. Peasants from there used to send their

wives and daughters to meet with Ukrainian guards employed at the camp. They were beside themselves if the women did not bring, in exchange for personal services, enough jewelry and valuables that belonged to the Jews. Theirs was a very profitable business."

Mieczysław Chodźko, a Treblinka survivor, reveals in his reminiscences another interesting detail. "Guards," he writes, "had cameras and took pornographic pictures, which they very much liked to show to each other." This may help explain some of the mystery of the photograph. Just as it is unknown who took the picture or why, it was puzzling how a camera made it into Podlasie countryside shortly after the war in the first place. Now we know that both during and after the war it was possible to find virtually anything in the vicinity of Treblinka.

The inhabitants of Treblinka and its surroundings did not draw their income exclusively from the dead Jews. Their business activities started the moment trains filled with living Jews destined for gas chambers stopped at the Treblinka train station. Huge, 60-wagon-long trains arriving from Warsaw were filled with the condemned, who could not be disposed of at once because of the limited capacity of the gas chambers. These trains had to be split into smaller sections and rolled into the camp sequentially. Even when everything went smoothly, freight cars filled with victims awaiting their turn to be killed were parked in the station for hours. It also happened that two or three trains might reach Treblinka at the same time. And whenever a train arrived at dusk it would be kept in the station till the next morning.

After a train arrived, writes Królikowski, people from neighboring villages would come over to the station. When I saw people near the train for the first time I thought that they came out with a noble intent to feed the hungry and bring water to the thirsty. But I was quickly told by the workers [on the construction project, which Królikowski supervised] with whom I spoke that this was regular commercial activity, selling water and food at very profitable prices. And indeed this is what it was, as I later found out. When transports were not guarded by German gendarmerie, which didn't allow anybody to approach the trains, but by one of the auxiliary police formations [occasionally,

even by the Polish police] crowds would assemble, bringing pails of water and bottles of moonshine. Water was for the people locked up in freight cars, while liquor was used to bribe the convoy guards, so they would allow the locals to approach the train. When there was no liquor, or convoy guards would not be satisfied with this form of payment, girls would come forward, put arms around their necks and cover them with kisses – anything in order to be able to come close to the wagons.

After permission was granted, trade with unfortunate prisoners dying of thirst and willing to pay 100 zlotys for a cup of water began.

Income from the "trading" with the Jews, alongside profits from selling food, alcohol, and sex to camp guards, revolutionized the local economy. A resident of Bełżec opined after the war that it had been very difficult for people in her area to "keep their decency" during the German occupation.

The killing fields of Sobibór, Bełżec, and Treblinka were neglected by the Polish authorities for decades. No attempts were made to commemorate the dead or even protect mass graves from continuous desecration. "First clean-up and inventory activities at the site of the former camp began in the Spring of 1958," wrote a contemporary historian of Treblinka, Martyna Rusiniak. "During the initial cleaning it wasn't uncommon for the workers and the police to join occasionally with the diggers." Only since the mid-1960s had camp areas been marked as sites of mass murder, still neglecting to specify that the victims who had been killed there were Jewish.

This essay is adapted from [Golden Harvest: Events at the Periphery of the Holocaust](#), Oxford UP, March 2012, by Jan Tomasz Gross with contributions by Irena Grudzinska Gross.

Jan T. Gross is Professor of History at Princeton University and author, among other books, of *Neighbors*.

<http://www.tabletmag.com/jewishartsandculture/books/99982/the-treblinka-gold-rush?all=1>

Netanyahu promised to stop US framework from passing

Prime Minister Binyamin Netanyahu has promised senior officials in Jewish Home that the US framework for peace between Israel and the Palestinian Authority will not be allowed to actualize, Ma'ariv reports Friday.

07 February 2014 - Last updated 09:28AM

"We made it clear that we will not stand by this [the US framework] and this was promised to us," a senior official told the daily. The promise was allegedly made during talks held between Likud and Jewish Home; the official explained that Jewish Home leader and

Economics Minister Naftali Bennett has threatened to leave the coalition in the event that Netanyahu agrees to accept the interim agreement, which would see Israel give away land for a Palestinian state.

Bennett told Israel Radio Thursday that Israel has been paying for decades for the US's policy mistakes in the Middle East - and that Israel should not have to pay any more for the bungling of a foreign body.

"Washington insisted on instituting elections for the Palestinians, and they elected Hamas," Bennett said. "Washington insisted that Israel withdraw from Gaza, and in return we got tens of thousands of rockets on southern Israel, after democratically elected Hamas took over Gaza."

Regarding the US framework, which not only gives away land but could also see NATO handle the security issues that may arise between Israel and a Palestinian state, Bennett draws the line.

"We will never let anyone else be responsible for our security," Bennett continued. "Only the IDF will defend Israelis. In recent weeks we have been told that if we make a deal with the Palestinians then prices will go down, but if we don't Israel will be isolated and forsaken. I would suggest that all these people making these threats think twice. Israelis are stronger than these threats, and no one will persuade us to destroy our national home with these threats."

<http://www.eju.org/news/israel/netanyahu-promised-stop-us-framework-passing>

Pratt Foundation new backer for OHPI

February 7, 2014 by J-Wire Staff

The Online Hate Prevention Institute, Australia's national charity for combating online hate, has welcomed the Pratt Foundation as a new major donor.



Dr Andre Oboler

OHPI's Andre Oboler said: "The support from the Pratt Foundation will facilitate a significant increase in our work combating online antisemitism and other forms of online hate. This news comes as OHPI released a new report into efforts to legitimize and make part of mainstream online culture an antisemitic meme originally created and promoted by neo-Nazis."

The Online Hate Prevention Institute grew of a project based at the Zionist Federation of Australia and was funded by the Pratt Foundation between 2009 and 2011. Rising online hate created a need for this important work to become its own entity and gain charitable status.

OHPI was established in 2012 and the Australian Government admitted OHPI to the register of Harm Prevention Charities that same year. OHPI has continued to grow with support from the Jewish community, the general community, both sides of politics, various government agencies and police nationally and around the country.

Since the Pratt Foundation began supporting work to combat the problem of online antisemitism in 2009, the lack of empirical data on the problem has been a key challenge. No one knows how much online hate there is, or how much of this is antisemitism. Without this

data it's impossible to know if efforts to combat it, by donors and governments, are having an overall impact. OHPI is currently developing a global reporting system which will accept user reports, evaluate them, and monitor the response of social media companies. This will finally put numbers on the problem. The support of the Pratt Foundation will increase the pace of development of this important work.

The Pratt Foundation support will also facilitate further reports into antisemitism as today's report into the "[Antisemitic Jew meme](#)". This new report highlights how the antisemitic cartoon character from neo-Nazi circles in 2004 was promoted as a "well known meme" in an effort to gain cultural acceptance online. OHPI's report highlights the importance of the counter speech role a site like "know your meme" can play in exposing racism, but also highlights the risk of making antisemitism more acceptable in society if this is poorly done.

OHPI's new report also highlights other antisemitic content including a new version of a Holocaust denial Facebook page OHPI previously had closed, and a Facebook page promoting the classic antisemitic idea of blood libel, which is causing distress internationally, but which is thankfully blocked in Australia.

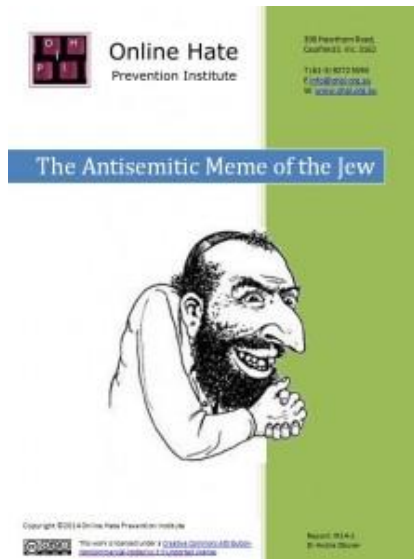
OHPI's technical expertise sets it apart from other organisations around the globe. Our recommendations cause real systemic change leading to permanent improvements. In 2009 the Pratt Foundation made it possible for Australia to become an international leader in the fight against online antisemitism. The Pratt Foundation's 2014 support for OHPI will allow the charity to better address the growing challenge online hate poses to Australian society and the Jewish community.

<http://www.jwire.com.au/news/pratt-foundation-new-backer-for-ohpi/40224>

Books & Reports Publications

February 6, 2014

The Antisemitic Meme of the Jew is a cartoon picture depicting a negative stereotype of a Jewish man with a black beard, long hooked nose, a hunched back, crooked teeth, and hands being wrung in glee. The image was created by a white supremacist cartoonist and has been online in neo-Nazi circles since at least 2004. The report looks at the history and significance of this image.



The main focus of this report is on the effort to give the antisemitic image on the cover of the report public acceptance as a part of mainstream online culture. This is being attempted through an effort to game the "Know Your Meme" website, a significant database of Internet Memes. This would increase the acceptability

of using the image and significantly contribute to further normalisation of antisemitism in online society. It would take the racist portrayal of Jews from the neo-Nazi fringe into the mainstream. This report provides recommendations to help prevent that occurring.

The report also examines the efforts to attribute a false history to the image and to promote the image and this false history through a Facebook page (see our [briefing on the page](#)). Facebook does need to improve its systems so negative feedback back (rejecting users' reports) is minimized and those already upset and taking the time to notify Facebook of racist content are not given a message that Facebook considers the content acceptable. Even if the content is eventually removed, such a message sends a signal that the dignity of minority groups is of little value to the company.

The report suggests a site like "Know Your Meme" can play a valuable count speech role in exposing the racist nature memes such as this one. This can raise awareness that such content is not acceptable in online communities. The report provides recommendations to achieve this without glorifying and promoting the hate itself.

The report also discusses the "Jewish Ritual Slaughter" page which is promoting the Blood Libel on Facebook, and the return and re-removal of the Holocaust denial page "The Untold History".

<http://ohpi.org.au/the-antisemitic-meme-of-the-jew/#sthash.MtYuJO8z.dpuf>

EXTRA TAX ON FOOD FROM COLES

Keeping Kosher Made Easy

February 7, 2014 by admin

The Kashrut Authority has announced that a new kosher labelling initiative will be rolled out across all Coles supermarkets in New South Wales.

The KA has listened to the real concerns of kosher consumers and is aware that the previous labelling method frequently lent itself to confusion, with many kosher logos inadvertently placed in front of non-kosher items.

Rabbi Moshe Gutnick said: "We were approached by Coles to present an alternative vision and as a result, our KA Team has been diligently exploring solutions. We are confident that the new system will ensure that these inconsistencies will not be repeated. As of today, instead of a kosher logo being loose and separate from the product name, our Diamond-KA logo will be featured directly on each product name/price tag on every shelf offering kosher products."

The KA is pleased to advise that every Diamond-KA logo that appears on kosher product tags will indicate that a product is Pareve. In addition, when kosher

consumers see the Diamond-KA-D logo, this will helpfully indicate the Dairy status of a product.



The KA Team thanks Rui, the Coles Store manager at Westfield Bondi Junction and Rabbi Dovid Nussbaum, for collaborating on this positive project. This roll-out is another example of The KA's commitment to our motto, "Keeping Kosher Made Easy."

The initial project is now in place at Coles Westfield Bondi Junction.

<http://www.jwire.com.au/news/keeping-kosher-made-easy/40226>

ANOTHER REWARD FOR BRAVERY!

Former President George W. Bush Presented with ADL's Highest Honor

By [JPOST.COM](http://www.ipost.com) STAFF, 02/08/2014 01:03

Anti-Defamation League cites former president's past accomplishments fighting terror and establishing first special envoy to monitor anti-Semitism.

Palm Beach, FL - The Anti-Defamation League (ADL) presented former President George W. Bush with its highest honor, the America's Democratic Legacy Award, according to a press release on Friday.

The ADL cited the former president's inspirational leadership in promoting democratic values worldwide when faced with the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001 during one of the most dramatic and consequential periods in American history; his commitment to securing Israeli-Palestinian peace; and his establishment of the United States' first Special Envoy to Monitor and Combat Anti-Semitism.

"The best Middle Eastern policy starts with an alliance with the only democracy in the Middle East, and that is Israel. ... The cornerstone of peace begins with an unshakable US-Israel alliance," stated Bush.

"We will never forget, Mr. President, how the vision you laid out of 'two states, living side by side, in peace and

security' still informs our consciousness and our parlance today," said Abraham H. Foxman, ADL National Director. "You solidified an unbreakable affinity between two democracies challenged by [extremists and terrorists](#) - and an ironclad shared understanding-- that security is one of the most important foundations for peace."

Previous award recipients include former US Presidents Ronald Reagan, Lyndon Johnson, John F. Kennedy, Dwight Eisenhower and Harry S. Truman; as well as Eleanor Roosevelt, Adlai Stevenson, Justice Earl Warren, Saul Bellow, George Tenet, Colin Powell, Henry Kissinger, Lee Iacocca, Walter Annenberg, Dwayne Andreas and Cardinal John O'Connor.

The award has also been presented to distinguished institutions including Harvard University, The New York Times and the Columbia Broadcasting System.

<http://www.ipost.com/Diplomacy-and-Politics/Former-President-George-W-Bush-Presented-with-ADLs-Highest-Honor-340748>

From Adelaide Institute's Archive - 2011

Maintaining the Jewish supremacist agenda/interests and the blocking of any justified criticism of Jewish behaviour because of "a failure of moral and intellectual nerve"?

Bolt's columns did not deserve to see the light of day. End of story

[MICHAEL GAWENDA](#), 30 SEPTEMBER 2011



When I was editor of *The Age*, I thought about hiring Andrew Bolt as a columnist. Indeed, I think I even met with him to see whether he had any interest in coming back to the Age. (Bolt was on the Age staff when I joined the paper in the early 80s.) I thought Bolt might add ... how should I put it ... a certainly unpredictability to *The Age* oped page. As it was, I don't think Bolt had any interest in joining the red rag I edited and looking back, I'm glad it never happened. That's because inevitably, sooner or later, Bolt would write a column that I would refuse to publish. And then I'd have a martyr to free speech on my hands.

I would not have published the two columns for which Bolt was found to have contravened the Racial Discrimination Act. I would not have published them firstly because (I hope) in the editing process, there would have been questions raised - by me, by the oped page editor, by our lawyers perhaps - about the "facts" on which Bolt built his pieces which basically argued that some people had chosen to identify themselves as Aborigines to reap material rewards of one kind or another. I would not have published them even if the columns were

factually accurate because I thought the tone of the columns was nasty and demeaned the people he was writing about.



There's a lot of nonsense talked about free speech, especially by people who are in a position - and who do so daily if not hourly - to make decisions on what is acceptable speech and what isn't in the public sphere. Editors, news directors, executive producers of current affairs and news programs, even the esteemed editor of *The Drum*, decide the limits of free speech all the time and they do so, not merely on the basis of what is legally safe. Often they make this decision on gut feeling, on their understanding of their readership or their audience, of the traditions and history of the organization that they are fortunate enough to run for a period of time.

Of course, I am not talking about the blogosphere here, where mad people and sane people, people consumed with hatred and bile and people who want only to serve the public good - and all those in between - feel like they have a licence to say

anything and damn the consequences. Still, while the media revolution may be upon us and the old media gatekeepers of what is acceptable speech and what isn't might be, Canute like, holding back an irresistible tide, at the moment, the old media still delivers mass audiences and for that mass audience, public speech is not free and never has been.

Let me give you a couple of examples. **I did not publish any of the stream of pieces that came to me from so-called 9/11 truthers. I did not publish any of the pieces from fluoride conspiracy theorists. I did not publish pieces from Holocaust deniers.** [emph.added – ed. AI]. All the people who offered up these pieces for publication felt like their free speech had been restricted. Many felt that I was part of the conspiracy of silence on the issue of their particular concern. Some thought that my ethnicity explained my refusal to publish. These examples are the easy ones for me to justify my refusal to publish. There were less clear cut ones where I had to make a decision even when I was not certain I had gone the "right" way. For instance, I refused to publish pieces that equated — or seemed to equate in my view - Israel with Nazi Germany.

But I accepted responsibility for the decisions I made and was prepared to publicly justify them. I did not pretend that The Age considered free speech an unfettered right, no matter how dopey or fantastic were the views of those who wanted access to the paper. To me a free media means a media in which editors and news executives and executive producers decide what to publish and publicly accept the consequences of their decisions. That includes the publication and broadcast of opinion and stories that could be defamatory, but that an editor decides should nevertheless be aired. But it does not mean that there is any such thing as unfettered unqualified free speech in the public domain, or anything even approaching it.

Here's the thing about the Bolt saga. Bolt's columns should never have been published and I do not think Bolt or the Herald Sun can justify their publication, essentially because they were riddled with inaccuracies. Commentary doesn't have to be "balanced" or even "fair" but it has to be factually accurate. Commentary, even for a polemicist like Bolt, can't be a piece of fiction. What's more, I believe the editors of the Herald Sun should have pulled the columns because they were nasty and badly argued. To have done so was their right. And

they should have done so even if Bolt, as a consequence, would have painted himself a martyr to free speech — strange how these free speech martyrs more often than not have the loudest megaphones and huge audiences.

Bolt's offence was an offence against journalism and really, should not have been judged by a judge under the Racial Discrimination Act.

I don't want judges and lawyers deciding what is acceptable journalism and what isn't. I don't want judges and lawyers having any more say than they already have — through defamation laws, contempt proceedings, suppression orders — in deciding the limits of free speech. Why should they? There is nothing from my experience of judges and lawyers to suggest they have any great love or commitment to journalism, nor any special understanding of what is good journalism or even how we might define the public interest.

Bolt committed the offence of producing bad and shoddy journalism. His editors should have saved him from himself. They should apologise for having failed to do so.

Michael Gawenda is a former Editor in Chief of The Age and Director of the Centre for Advanced Journalism at Melbourne University.

581 Comments

<http://www.abc.net.au/unleashed/3071066.html>

<http://news.google.com/newspapers?nid=MDQ-9Oe3GGUC&dat=19871215&printsec=frontpage&hl=en>

FOR THE RECORD

Fredrick Töben comments:

Many individuals thought the only sane voice at *The Age* during the 1980s was columnist Michael Barnard –died on 26 September 2013 at 82 – who was considered to be the "Nazi" amongst a bunch of "Marxists".

Read what he wrote about my teacher dismissal case in *The Age* on 15 December 1987, at page 13:

<http://news.google.com/newspapers?nid=MDQ9Oe3GGUC&dat=19871215&printsec=frontpage&hl=en>

One man's fight to clear his name

IF I had to nominate a Victorian Battler of the Year — perhaps "fighter" is more appropriate here — an eminent candidate would be Dr Fredrick Toben, the Goroke school teacher dismissed by the education department amid a swirl of

Comment

**MICHAEL
BARNARD**



local controversy three years ago.

Dr Toben, it was alleged, was incompetent. Since then he has been fighting doggedly to clear his name, mostly at great financial and emotional cost. He weathered the humbling and frustrating transformation from his chosen calling as a highly qualified English and philosophy teacher — arts degrees from Melbourne and Wellington universities and a PhD from Stuttgart — to the only alternative local job then available, that of school bus driver at less than half the salary, and has faced many other challenges besides.

The Toben case has been aired sporadically by newspapers and television, and taken up by MPs. But every time it surfaces the department and ministry remain adamant: all the correct procedures (such as appointment of a teacher "support" group and a panel of inquiry) were followed in assessing Dr Toben, they say, and the case cannot be reopened.

The 43-year-old former teacher, however, with 17 years classroom and tutorial experience behind him in Australia, NZ, West Germany, Nigeria and Zimbabwe, simply will not let the matter rest.

He was, he says, manipulated out of his Goroke post, teaching English, because of his firm attitude to discipline and insistence on a rigid literacy program.

Newspaper columnists are bombarded with special pleading and cases of alleged injustice and soon learn the wisdom of not jumping to conclusions. I first became intimately acquainted with Dr Toben's fight the best part of two years ago and still do not claim to be able to arrive at informed conclusions on all the rights and wrongs in the tangled differences between Dr Toben and the then principal (a much lesser academically qualified man) and various fellow teachers.

But there are disturbing features about the case, sufficient to make one ponder the fickleness of the machinery by which a skilled man's career in education can effectively be killed stone dead, without any subsequent avenue of appeal or wider inquiry.

What is reasonably clear is that personal antagonisms played a significant part in the events leading to Dr Toben's demise, not only within Goroke Consolidated School in 1984 but, once the gossip started, in the wider community as well. Even a full year after the dismissal, swastikas and abusive slogans attacking Dr Toben and Mr Edwin Mitchell, a former Goroke school council president hounded from his council post because of alleged bias towards Dr Toben, were daubed over Mr Mitchell's newsagency ('Wimmera Mail-Times' 3 January 1986).

The swastikas are revealing. Dr Toben was born in Germany in 1944 but left before he was a year old.

The really disturbing features, however, lie in other areas, notably the strong defence Dr Toben has received from some fellow teachers of the day and other key players. In a detailed letter to the 'Mail-Times' of 5 August 1987 — some three years after the main event — former Brian Mann, a school council member during the crucial period, posed a series of questions, culminating bluntly with: "Can a teacher faced with a personality clash have no right of appeal against trumped-up charges?"

Dr Toben, he said, had been "well-spoken, well-dressed, clean-

cut, a non-smoker and of sober habits ... an example others might have followed".

Glen Duncan, now an art teacher at Ringwood Tech., has been even more forthright, saying that Dr Toben was a "marked man" months before the inquiry that resulted in his dismissal. "There were many pieces of unpleasant yet interesting evidence strangely ignored by the Education Ministry's official inquiry ... I even found out much later through Toben's freedom of information documents that lies were told about me. Why?"

"Isn't it interesting", Mr Duncan asks, "that of the 40 parents whose children were taught by Toben, 30 signed his petition saying they were pleased with his teaching?" (Of the other 10, Dr Toben tells me, three were hostile and seven just did not want to be involved.)

Another teacher, Geoffrey French, now at Ballarat High, wrote to the 'Mail-Times' (24 July 1987) suggesting that Dr Toben had, in part, been made a scapegoat for poor discipline.

"It was obvious to me that Dr Toben's lessons were innovative and thoroughly planned. I could only assume these people were deliberately attempting to get rid of him for some particular personal reasons, as I could see the time and work he put not only into his teaching but also the school radio station, which he set up with the students."

One could go on. For instance, a testimonial to Dr Toben over the name of Professor N. D. Atkinson of the department of educational foundations, University of Zimbabwe: "His performance in the classroom was very impressive ... I believe Dr Toben to be a man of high principles and exemplary character."

(Perhaps I should emphasise at this point that none of the criticisms cited above are meant to reflect on the present state of Goroke Consolidated, or its present administration.)

Possibly there are criticisms of Dr Toben that may be sustained. By the same token, the defence quoted here does little more than scratch the surface of what may be found in his favor.

At issue is a man's career. Dr Toben has travelled thousands of kilometres seeking teaching posts in Victoria and interstate, but always his "record" becomes a stumbling block. The catch-22 is that the department says it will reconsider his position if he can demonstrate a satisfactory spell of teaching, but he cannot get the chance because he has been labelled incompetent.

Late this year he did, for two days a week, gain a job tutoring nurses in sociology at Warrnambool Institute of Advanced Education, making round trips of 500 kilometres in and among his school bus driving between Goroke and Edenhope.

But Dr Toben wants more. Specifically, he seeks exoneration and reinstatement at Goroke, where his family lives. Bureaucracies, however, are always loath to admit that they might have been even a little bit wrong.

A nagging thought is that had Dr Toben been a homosexual, female or black, a vociferous lobby group might well have already precipitated a review. Perhaps incompetence of sorts does feature in his sad story. The question is, whose? And how does a person caught up in a system like this ever clear his name, once given that it deserves to be cleared?

A Jew Sees His People As Others See Them – Episode 83

Published on [February 6, 2014](#) by [Carolyn](#) in [The International Jew Study Hour](#)

"The International Jew" Study Hour presents: Carolyn Yeager and Hadding Scott read and comment on Chapter 78, "A Jew Sees His People As Others See Them." Bert Levy, an orthodox Jew and cartoonist of Jewish life in America, particularly of vaudeville, was born in Australia in 1872, from where he emigrated as a young man to New York. He died in Los Angeles in 1934.



Self-portrait of Bert Levy holding his sketchpad. At bottom of page is written "As Bert Levy Sees himself", from the *New York Morning Telegraph*.

In later years he gave a speech to Jewish groups which he titled "[For the Good of the Race](#)," advising "aggressive" Jews to "Supress thyself!" Some highlights from his speech:

- * Upon arriving in New York, he found his beloved Jewish Brethren to be a hurrying, shoving, pushing bunch with no sense of friendship for newcomers;
- * Upon recommending himself as a fellow Jew to a Dept. Store Magnate, the man pooh-poohed the idea of Judaism for he had become a Christian "cultist" as being good for business;
- * He tells of having a dream on a park bench in which hundreds of thousands of "reformed" Jews marched, promising to "*suppress themselves*" so as not to anger Gentiles by their bad and dishonest behavior;
- * He admires the old Talmudic scholars in their dusty back rooms who care not for material riches, as the "real Jews."

Note: We are using the *Noontide Press* publication of *The International Jew – The World's Foremost Problem* which can be found online [here](#) as a pdf file.

Podcast: [Download](#)

... compare with - Roy Rene 1892-1954

Born: 15 February 1891, Adelaide, South Australia

Died: 22 November 1954, Sydney, New South Wales

Vaudeville and radio performer, comedian

Born in Adelaide in 1891, Harry van der Sluys (or Sluice) – to Dutch-Jewish father and Anglo-Jewish mother – became famous as the vaudevillian and comedian Roy Rene.

He grew up on Hindley Street on the premises of his father's cigar factory. Intending to become an actor from an early age, Rene first appeared on stage professionally in the pantomime *Sinbad the Sailor* at the Theatre Royal, Adelaide, in 1905. Soon afterwards Rene left school to pursue his ambition and around this time the family moved to Melbourne.



Relocating to Sydney around 1910, it was here he took on the stage name of Roy Rene (Rene after a famous French clown) and became one of the most well-known performers on the Sydney vaudeville circuit. From 1916, Rene performed as the character Mo with Nat Phillips in the comedy duo 'Stiffy and Mo'. The duo became renowned around Australia for their 'blue' humour. Mo was known for his distinctive black and white face make-up. The pair split in 1925 and were reunited briefly in 1927 but the following year parted for good. Rene then established his own theatre revue company, Mo and his Merry-makers.

In 1934, he starred in the film *Strike me lucky*, the title of which comes from one of his many catchphrases.

Other catchphrases included 'Don't come the raw prawn with me' (to tell someone not to try and deceive you or misrepresent the situation) and 'Fair suck of the sav' (to indicate incredulity or to let someone know they are not giving others a fair go). In the 1940s Rene turned to radio. His radio show *McCackie Mansions*, which aired from 1947 and featured Rene as the character Mo McCackie, earned him a huge following. Roy Rene died on 22 November 1954.

In 2010 a statue of Mo was erected in Hindley Street, across the road from the former site of the Theatre Royal.

<http://www.samemory.sa.gov.au/site/page.cfm?u=438&c=2005>



Tales of Old Papua

We go back to the late 50s. Harry Peder, a 50-year-old, suntanned wiry and burned brown by the sun and skinny as a rake as only an old bush identity can be. An old Territory resident, a horse-breaker and bushman, he and his brother Ron had arrived on the South East Coast of Papua in a small sailing dinghy landing in the Hula Area about 100 kms south of Moresby. They landed without identity papers and without a permit to enter PNG. The police finally were informed and travelled out by boat – no roads in those days – and picked up the two men and took them to Moresby where they were temporarily jailed because of their lack of identification papers.

The administrator of the time, J K Murray, learned of the two men and had them released saying such fellows were what Papua needed. Men of basic skills, the ability to journey to the country only dependent on their own maritime skills.

Ron stayed in Moresby and obtained employment while Harry journeyed back down the coast to near his landing place and took up the occupation of [bêche-de-mer](#) fishing. This was hard, dirty, smelly work that entailed the diving for the sea slug, then its preparation on the beach by gutting, then boiling in sea water until it became hard as a hockey puck, after which it was put on mats to thoroughly sun-dry on the beach.

Now after months of this work and making a bare living – the price of bêche-de-mer was not high – Harry got to thinking about some feminine companionship. He was not keen on the local belles of which he could have had his choice in any age range, and being an avid reader he came across a Pen Friends advertisement in a southern magazine. One ad in particular caught his eye: *Lonely woman of independent means, interested in a worldly man of mature age, correspondence with view to meeting and perhaps marriage.* Now, this sounded fine to Harry and so he put pen to paper and got off a letter to his perhaps woman of his dreams.

After a week or two his letter was given to a passing ship's captain who forgot to post it for another trip into Port Moresby. But finally it went on its way and in time a reply came back from *Estelle* detailing her lonely life and her joy in hearing from Harry in his far-flung outpost of the Papuan south-eastern coast and his exciting occupation of bêche-de-mer fishing.

The correspondence flourished and within a few months things were getting serious in their thoughts of meeting and even perhaps thinking of marriage. By this time I had got to know Harry well. I ran a "Trade Store" in Rigo just on five km from Kapa Kapa village, a coastal boat port and perhaps an eight-hour walk from Hula where Harry lived and worked on the beach with his "turd fishing" activity. Harry was by this time using my mailbag to ensure safe delivery and receipt of his valued love letters, and he walked inland to my store every couple of weeks for supplies and mail, or

sometimes sent local trusted native lads to collect the mail for him.

It appears that Estelle was quite wealthy. She wrote of taking Harry away from his hard life of being exposed to the element, and perhaps settling back in Australia where she had property and business interests. She wrote to me saying I should give Harry all the credit he desires and that she would pay his accounts when she arrived in Papua to join her beloved – in the near future!

Now Harry, who had lived a very frugal lifestyle, began purchasing a few of the luxuries of life, such as tins of steak & onions as against his Hereford Buttery, and bottles of lemonade to go with his [Rhum Negrita](#), white instead of brown rice. Why, even some new shorts and long'uns, if he was to go into Moresby to meet his loved one. The bill ran into perhaps 50 pounds, which in those pre-decimal uninflated days, was a large sum. He even got himself a new pair of sandals.

The long-awaited day finally dawned and Harry caught the weekly boat into Moresby, met his dream and succumbed to her wiles with a marriage in the Registry Office after having posted the necessary notice and endured the days of waiting. Masses of furniture, linen and cutlery were purchased at B.P.'s and all crated up and ready for shipment on the day of sailing.

The fateful day arrived and off the newlyweds set for Kapa Kapa wharf, four hours south-east of Moresby. We, the local whites, were all waiting on the wharf for the boat's arrival. Imagine our surprise to find Estelle weighed perhaps 250lbs, was a bit ugly but nevertheless has a certain culture and breeding about her person – complete with lace gloves, floral hat and white cotton starched dress, petite shoes in formal style, as strangely enough both her hands and feet were rather small in relation to the rest of her bulk, which could best be described as rather enormous. Her speech was refined and correct and she was evidently a lady of some standing. She directed everything including Harry and the ship's unloading of her cargo and its many suitcases.

And off we all went in my Ferguson and trailer up to the store and thence on to the road leading to the master's residence, which was empty at the time – and in they moved with all their gear. Mounting the front steps Estelle's eyes met the poster of the half-naked Polynesian lass, which she immediately tore down and heaved it away saying she didn't want such things in her house. Next she spoke harshly to Harry's old blue cattle dog lying on the top step and roused it downstairs. This was not a good start to their future life together!

Having their open account with me, and because I had a liquor licence, I had for the welcome party that night, delivered by tractor a large quantity of bottled spirits and beer to their home. The party kicked off at 7pm

with welcoming speeches of good will and the best wishes for a long and happy married life, etc. As the evening wore on and Estelle partook of the alcohol, she began a gradual change. Slowly the niceties of her speech and grammar changed to a certain coarseness. As her language grew more coarse and intemperate, she started dropping the g's and h's. The occasional "bloodys" and "bastards" finally gave way to language, which at best could be described as profane and indecent. Her veneer of respectability finally wore completely off and she was exposed to be rather a foul-mouthed-bitch-of-the-gutter – and a bad drunk. She continually "picked" Harry who by this time was rather intoxicated himself, so that he swung a punch that connected with her left eye – leaving Estelle crying and swearing amid the broken bottles and shattered crystal drinking glasses, it was time to leave, which the half-dozen male guests then did.

The morning dawned to Estelle's black eye and her heaving all of Harry's meagre possessions from the top 15 steps upwards onto the ground amid much swearing and cursing and threats on a departure on the next boat. And leave she did on the very next boat.

Now communications in those times in Papua were not the best. No telephone, faxes, let alone instant email and Skype communications – only the mail bag aboard the weekly boats. Harry had communication from her that she was returning south, the marriage had been a terrible mistake, she had written to the local Assistant District Officer – the local Government man – and asked that all her gear be shipped to Moresby and BP's who had forwarding instructions, etc. This, of course, left me holding an unpaid bill for almost £100. Harry was broke but certainly not heartbroken. The only good thing was the ADO had no desire to ship Estelle's gear to Moresby without all freight being paid for in advance. Harry and I decided on a Fire Sale of the woman's possessions to cut out his account with me.

Sitting on my house veranda overlooking the dirt road heading inland with a beer in our hands and a few bottles in the kerosene fridge, we settled in to the serious business of purchases against account.

'What do you reckon that brass-hammered firescreen is worth, Harry?'

'Christ, I don't know, Birdy, a quid?'

'OK, a quid.'

'What about the six crystal glasses left, Birdy?'

'Christ, Harry, what do I need crystal glasses out here for? I use enamel mugs. Ten bob the lot.'

Slowly the furniture and bed linen, the tea and bath towels, the camperwood chest, the chairs, etc were all settled upon for a fraction of their worth. Last on the list was a fox fur stole such as women wore in the fifties draped around their necks with a spring clip jaw. It may have cost £100.

'How much, Birdie?'

'Christ, Harry, what in heaven's name would I do with a fox fur neck drape?'

At that particular moment an old village woman, huge basket slung on her back with a forehead strap – obviously all she could carry – came into view struggling up the road.

'Harry, I don't want that bloody fox fur thing, let's give it to this old woman and make her day.'

I called her over and proffered the fox saying in my inimitable Motu language: 'Here woman, a present for you.'

Her eyes widened, she slung her basket from her back and stepped forward and received the gift. Her eyes lit up and she murmured about a lovely puppy dog: 'a cicia maraki namona'. She patted it lovingly as if it were a live thing, slung it across her bare shoulders and breasts, reslung her back-bag, then continued up the road saying 'Oh, Taubada thank you badaheria'. *Taubada* means "big man", which was the form of address for a European in those days, and *badaheria* means "very big" or "much". This was my Boy Scout good deed for the day.

Later Harry learned that his newly-wed had originated in New Zealand and had run brothels in Sydney for many years and was then in retirement. From the days of her departure we never heard any more about her possessions left behind in Rigo. Harry soon after moved to Wapenamunda in the New Guinea Highlands to a coffee plantation and within a year had died of pneumonia. His brother Ron married a local lass from Hula and returned South after many years resident in port Moresby. He left a son who became a radio announcer in Port Moresby.

This endeth the Harry saga.



Sea cucumbers delicacy



JEWISH GLOBALISM Leading The Effort For Mass Immigration Into Europe And America



SLAVE TRADE COVERUP

